



HOLINESS TO THE LORD

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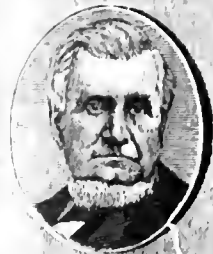
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of the Young

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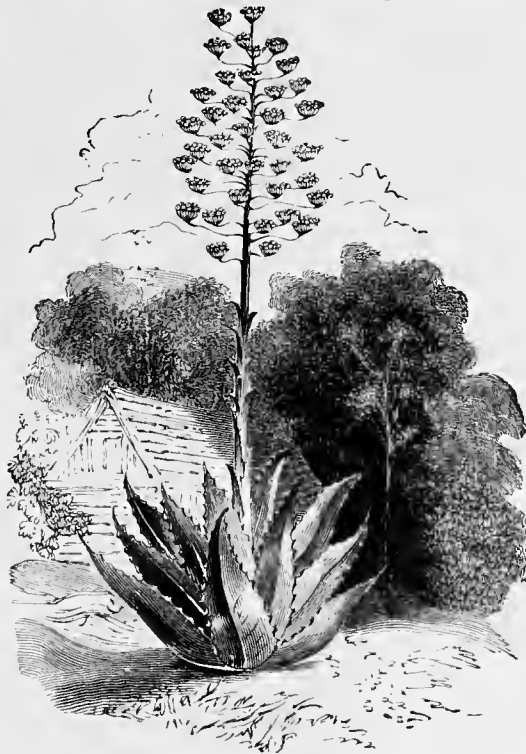
ORGAN FOR YOUNG LATTER-DAY SAINTS

VOL. XXVIII.—No. 16. SALT LAKE CITY, AUGUST 15, 1892. TERMS: { \$2.00 per year
in advance.

THE AMERICAN ALOE.

OF all the forms in which flowers appear, there is perhaps none more wonderful than that of the aloe. Its peculiar habits, and its gigantic dimensions, may well entitle it to the name of king of flowers.

It is commonly known by the name of "The Century Plant," from the fact that it was formerly supposed to bloom only once in a hundred years. This is, however, an error which time has corrected, as many specimens have been known to flower in conservatories in much shorter periods; and it is probable that in its native climate it occurs at an early age. In the United States the aloe is probably the best known, and most frequently kept as an ornament to our hot-houses. It is a native of tropical America, where it is a plant of great utility to the Indians.



THE AMERICAN ALOE.

The singular fact that it blooms but once, and that its existence terminates with the decay of its flowers, has rendered it particularly interesting; and as the opportunity of witnessing so beautiful a spectacle is of rare occurrence, it is regarded as a great curiosity.

A noble specimen, probably 90 years of age, some years ago bloomed in Philadelphia. About the middle of the summer of 1858 the stem made its appearance, and in six weeks' time it had reached the height of about twenty feet, being seven inches in diameter at the base, and crowned with seventeen fascicles of greenish yellow flowers, numbering in all about 3000, and spreading over a space of nearly eighteen feet in circumference.

In Mexico, the West Indies, and South America, where several varieties of this plant are found, it is often cultivated by the natives, and its different parts appropriated to useful purposes. It

may frequently be seen planted in long rows, which serve as hedges, and form an imperious barrier both to man and beast.

In no other country, perhaps, is the Aloe so generally serviceable as in America.

The rope bridges of Mexico, so often named as dangerous to the traveler unaccustomed to cross them, are formed entirely of cords made of the fibrous parts of its root. These bridges, swung over some foaming torrent, have pieces of the bamboo stem placed at small intervals across the ropes, disclosing through their interstices the dashing of the waters; and their rude structure, oscillating either with the wind or the unsteady footsteps of the passengers, might appal the heart of the strongest and bravest strangers, while the Indian passes lightly and fearlessly over.

The leaves of the aloe, when baked, form an excellent article of food, and from the juice sugar and medicines are prepared. The strong flower stems serve as beams for the roofs of the Indian dwellings, and the leaves supply the place of tiles.

In former times the aloe was extensively cultivated for the manufacture of paper, and great quantities were evidently used in the time of the Montezumas in painting hieroglyphics. The paper produced from this plant resembles that made by the Egyptians from the papyrus. The ancient Mexican manuscripts, which have received so much attention from the learned, and upon whose records is based the history of that injured and interesting people, were painted chiefly upon paper made from the fibre of the Aloe. Many of these "picture writings," as they have been called, are still preserved at Mexico.

From the juice pressed from the flowers of this plant the natives prepare a very pleasant and refreshing beverage called "pulque," of which they are very fond, and it is said to be quite nutritious and wholesome, although, if taken in large quantities, it produces the same effect as brandy.

The drug called aloes is the thickened juice

of a species of aloe, which grows abundantly near the Cape of Good Hope. It is procured by cutting the leaves in pieces and pressing and boiling them, after which the juice is allowed to cool, when it becomes hard.

How few who look upon the thick, spiny leaves of the Aloes, as they stand in our green-houses, ever reflect upon the great usefulness of this plant to the natives of America!

RECOLLECTIONS OF THE PROPHET JOSEPH SMITH.

SISTER MARY ELLEN KIMBALL, of Salt Lake City, widow of President Heber C. Kimball, was born October 5th, 1818, at Charleston, Montgomery Co., N. Y., and joined the Church at Utica, Oneida Co., N. Y. 1842. Sister Kimball gives the following statement and testimony in regard to the Prophet Joseph:

"I first met the Prophet in the fall of 1843, at meeting, on the Temple ground. I believed him to be a true Prophet of God, and have never had a doubt, but feel more positive daily. I heard him preach often, and was highly gratified with his teaching."

"I was never intimately acquainted with him, as our family lived five miles out of the city of Nauvoo, that is my mother and step-father, Joseph Dunlap. But I spent a part of my time in the city at the house of Sister Clawson, mother of Bishop Hyrum Clawson.

"The last time I saw the Prophet he was on his way to Carthage jail. Himself and his brother Hyrum were on horseback, also Brothers John Taylor and Willard Richards. They stopped opposite Sister Clawson's house, at the house of Brother Rosecrans. We were on the porch. The streets of Nauvoo were narrow, and we could hear every word he said. He asked for a drink of water. They all took a drink. Some few remarks passed between them which I do not remember; but one sentence I well remember: after bidding goodbye, he said to Brother Rosecrans, 'if I never see you again, or if I *never come back*,

remember that I love you.' This went through me like electricity. I went in the house and threw myself on the bed and wept like a whipped child. And why this grief for a person I had never spoken to in my life, I could not tell. I knew he was a servant of God, and only think of the danger he was in! and how deeply he felt it, for I could see that he looked pale!

"But what could I do only pour out my soul in fervent prayer to our Father that He would take him under His kind care and protection as He had hitherto done; for in over 30 cases, he, the Prophet, had been liberated and set free, and why not at this time? But his enemies had ripened in wickedness and he in goodness."

ELDER DANIEL TYLER,

of Beaver, Utah, adds the following recollections of Joseph the Prophet to what he has already related:

"Soon after the Prophet's arrival in Commerce (afterwards Nauvoo) from Missouri prison, Brother Isaac Behunnin and myself made him a visit at his residence. His persecutions was the topic of conversation. He repeated many false, inconsistent and contradictory statements made by apostates, frightened members of the Church and outsiders. He also told how most of the officials who would fain have taken his life when he was arrested turned in his favor on forming his acquaintance. He laid the burden of the blame on false brethern. Among the officials he mentioned the name of Mr. Tillery, jailor at Liberty, Clay County, Missouri. Tillery said to him in substance:

"'Mr. Smith, you should not blame us for your incarceration. Had it not been for Sidney Rigdon's 'salt sermon' on the 4th of July, and Dr. Avard's testimony about Danites you would have been released long ago. In fact you never would have been arrested.'

"As to the 'salt sermon' (Fourth of July oration) it was understood by the Saints at the time that the Prophet did not approve of it;

and with regard to Sanipson Avard's statements, they were known to have been made through malice, because the Prophet had condemned and exposed his wicked intentions. Those who testified through fear subsequently returned to the Church. Some of them weeping and expressing a willingness that the Lord would remove them by death if that would remove the stain they had brought upon themselves by swearing falsely to shield themselves from the threatened death if they said aught in the Prophet's favor.

"One scene, as I was informed soon after it occurred, was particularly touching, and showed the goodness of the good man's heart. A man who had stood high in the Church while in Far West, was taken down with chills or ague and fever. While his mind as well as body was weak, disaffected parties soured his mind and persuaded him to leave the Saints and go with them. He gave some testimony against the Prophet. While the Saints were settling in Commerce, having recovered from his illness, he removed from Missouri to Quincy, Illinois. There he went to work chopping cordwood to obtain means to take himself and family to Nauvoo, and a present to the injured man of God if, peradventure, he would forgive and permit him to return to the fold as a private member. He felt that there was salvation nowhere else for him and if that was denied him all was lost as far as he was concerned. He started with a sorrowful heart and downcast look. While on the way the Lord told Brother Joseph he was coming. The Prophet looked out of the window and saw him coming up the street. As soon as he turned to open the gate the Prophet sprang up from his chair and ran and met him in the yard, exclaiming 'O Brother —, how glad I am to see you!' He caught him around the neck and both wept like children. Suffice it to say that proper restitution was made and the fallen man again entered the Church by the door, received his Priesthood again, went upon several important missions, gathered with the Saints in Zion and died in full faith.

"Several others returned, two of whose sorrow for their wrong doing was so great that they refused, or could not be comforted, and both died partially insane. Others have lived and died without effort to return or hope of future happiness.

"Let us, my young brothers and sisters, shun the evils of apostasy, bearing false witness and betraying any of the Lord's anointed into the hands of the wicked, lest our future be like theirs.

"When the Prophet had ended telling how he had been treated, Brother Behunnin remarked: 'If I should leave this Church I would not do as those men have done: I would go to some remote place where Mormonism had never been heard of settle down, and no one would ever learn that I knew anything about it.'

"The great Seer immediately replied: 'Brother Behunnin, you don't know what you would do. No doubt these men once thought as you do. Before you joined this Church you stood on neutral ground. When the gospel was preached good and evil were set before you. You could choose either or neither. There were two opposite masters inviting you to serve them. When you joined this Church you enlisted to serve God. When you did that you left the neutral ground, and you never can get back on to it. Should you forsake the Master you enlisted to serve it will be by the instigation of the evil one, and you will follow his dictation and be his servant.'

"He emphasized the fact that a man or woman who had not taken sides either with Christ or belial could maintain a neutral position, but when they enlisted under either the one or the other they left the neutral ground forever.

ELDER WILLIAM FARRINGTON CAHOON,

who lives in Salt Lake City, was born in Harpersfield, Ashtabula Co., Ohio, Nov. 7th, 1813. He joined the Church in Kirtland, Ohio, on the 16th of October, 1830, and is without doubt the oldest living member of the

Church. Brother Cahoon met the Prophet Joseph for the first time in Kirtland, in the winter of 1830. His testimony concerning him and some circumstances he recollects of him are herewith presented:

"My impression, after hearing Joseph bear his testimony of what he had seen was that he was a Prophet of the Most High God. That was my belief then, it is the same today.

"I have seen the sick healed under his administrations in many instances. I have seen cripples healed immediately, and leap for joy after being administered to. I was present, and well remember a case of healing at Montrose, Iowa. One day about two o'clock in the afternoon, I was down at Brother Fordham's to see if he was still alive, (he being very low,) and as I was going home I saw Brother Joseph, the Prophet, coming up from the river. He went immediately to the house of Brother Fordham, opened the door and went in. I then, with two or three of the brethren, went back to Fordham's immediately. The Prophet went to Brother Fordham's bedside and said, 'are you very sick Brother Fordham?' But he could not speak; he made a little motion with his head. The Prophet then laid his hands upon the sick man's head, and said, 'Brother Fordham, in the name of the Son of God, and the Holy Priesthood which I hold, be thou made well from this very moment.'

"In a few minutes the Prophet said, 'Brother Fordham, get up, put on your clothes, and go with me to visit some more sick people. And all saw the Prophet and Brother Fordham, going off to another house together. I am willing to testify to this before God, and angels, and all men at any time.

"Before I close my testimony concerning this good man, I wish to mention one circumstance which I never shall forget: I was called and ordained to act as a teacher to visit the families of the Saints. I got along very well till I found that I was obliged to call and pay a visit to the Prophet. Being young, only about seventeen years of age, I felt my weakness in visiting the Prophet and

his family in the capacity of a teacher. I almost felt like shrinking from duty. Finally I went to his door and knocked, and in a minute the Prophet came to the door. I stood there trembling, and said to him :

"Brother Joseph, I have come to visit you in the capacity of a teacher, if it is convenient for you."

"He said 'Brother William, come right in, I am glad to see you; sit down in that chair there and I will go and call my family in.'"

"They soon came in and took seats. He then said, 'Brother William, I submit myself and family into your hands,' and then took his seat. 'Now Brother William,' said he 'ask all the questions you feel like.'"

"By this time all my fears and trembling had ceased, and I said, 'Brother Joseph, are you trying to live your religion?'"

"He answered 'Yes.'"

"I then said 'Do you pray in your family?'"

"He said 'Yes.'"

"Do you teach your family the principles of the gospel?"

"He replied 'Yes, I am trying to do it.'"

"Do you ask a blessing on your food?"

"He answered 'Yes.'"

"Are you trying to live in peace and harmony with all your family?"

"He said that he was."

"I then turned to Sister Emma, his wife, and said 'Sister Emma, are you trying to live your religion? Do you teach your children to obey their parents? Do you try to teach them to pray?'"

"To all these questions she answered 'Yes, I am trying to do so.'"

"I then turned to Joseph and said, 'I am now through with my questions as a teacher; and now if you have any instructions to give, I shall be happy to receive them.'"

"He said 'God bless you, Brother William; and if you are humble and faithful, you shall have power to settle all difficulties that may come before you in the capacity of a teacher.'"

"I then left my parting blessing upon him and his family, as a teacher, and took my departure."

EMINENT PEOPLE OF THE WORLD'S HISTORY.

VII.—Washington.

I WOULD seem the proper thing to follow the adventures of the discoverer and first pioneer of our great country by those of another gifted and good man, to whom we are indebted to almost as great an extent, and whose name will be held in as great reverence by all future generations.

The name of Washington stands out in bold relief on the pages of the history of our country, as a monument of nobility which the greatest and best of nature's sons are proud to take as their model. Countless thousands of his own countrymen rise up and call him blessed, while foreign nations respect and revere his memory.

George Washington was born on the Potomac in Westmoreland County, Virginia, on February 22nd, 1732. His father was a wealthy and prosperous planter of that section. He, however, was called to his eternal home when George was but eleven years of age. The care of his education and development thus devolved solely upon his mother, to whom he was doubtless indebted for those qualities of mind and heart which afterwards made him famous, and whom he always loved and revered as his most devoted friend and counselor.

He is described by historians as being modest and unassuming in deportment, and amiable in disposition. He loved out-door sports, and is said to have greatly excelled in them.

His education was of the plain and practical kind in vogue at that early period of the country's history. He loved study, particularly mathematics, and always acquitted himself creditably.

At the extremely early age of sixteen years he was employed by Lord Fairfax to survey his extensive claims beyond the Blue Ridge. This part of the country was at that time unsettled except by the native Indians, and the work was altogether a dangerous and re-

sponsible one, yet he performed it to the complete satisfaction of all concerned.

At nineteen he was appointed adjutant-general of a military district, with the rank of major.

At twenty-one, he was selected by the Governor of Virginia to carry a message of remonstrance to the French commander, then occupying the Ohio Valley, and demanding his immediate withdrawal from thence.

He started upon his dangerous and difficult journey on the 31st of Oct., 1753. He was beset with dangers and obstacles on all sides, but with the aid of Providence and his own indomitable will, he accomplished his object, and returned in safety.

At the beginning of the French and Indian war, Washington joined Braddock's army as *aide*. At the battle of Fort Duquesne, the scene of Braddock's defeat, he had two horses shot from under him, and received four bullet holes though his coat, but escaped without a wound. On account of these things, the Indians conceived the impression that he bore a charmed life. Doubtless their ideas were nearer right than wrong, for he had yet a work to perform for his country, and until that was accomplished there was little use for the bitterness of enemies to try to cut his life short.

Three years later, Washington, not yet twenty-seven, assisted in the capture of this same fort. He returned from the expedition covered with honors for his bravery and ingenuity. Six weeks later he married Mrs. Martha Custis and settled down at Mt. Vernon. Here he passed the next fifteen years engaged in taking care of his large plantation.

We do not read of him coming into public notice again, until the storm clouds presaging the war of the Revolution began to lower, in 1774. We then find him associated with those other great spirits of the People's Congress, working and planning to release the colonies from British despotism and tyranny.

On the 15th of June, 1775, after war had been declared, he was elected commander-

in-chief of the Continental Army. He accepted the position, although expressing doubt as to his ability to fill it, and declining the pay which Congress had set apart for that officer.

As soon as possible after his appointment, Washington set out for Cambridge, and set to work to form a good and efficient army out of 14,000 undisciplined and poorly equipped mechanics, farmers and day-laborers. This was no easy task. Lack of experienced men for officers and engineers, of money and stores, were some of the obstacles that beset him. Faith and patience did not desert him, however. During the fall and winter he was busy strengthening his works, gathering ammunition and other stores, drilling his army, etc., so that by spring quite a semblance of order had taken the place of the condition that existed at the beginning.

Space and time will not permit to follow the minutiae of Washington's career. Suffice it to say, his strong will, courage and energy carried him through dangers and difficulties almost superhuman; while his tact, perseverance and clearness of sight atoned in a great measure for the deficiency of his army. One historian has said that his military career is a history of retreats, and in the pursuance of this Fabian-like policy lay his greatest safety. Very rarely did he engage in open battle, and only then when he thought he saw opportunity to strike a telling blow.

From the battle of Breed's Hill, to the surrender of Cornwallis at Yorktown, the master-mind of the commander is visible. Like the Roman Cincinnatus, he was called from the plow to labor in his country's cause. That labor performed, the warfare over, he resigned his position as commander-in-chief, and returned again to his farm. After the close of the war, when the Constitution of the country had been formulated and its inspiring words thundered throughout all the borders of the land, Washington was unanimously elected President of the new republic, with John Adams as Vice-President. His inauguration took place on the 30th of April,

1789. He served two terms and, declining a third, retired to his beloved Mt. Vernon, where he who was "first in peace, first in war, and first in the hearts of his countrymen," passed to his final rest December 14th, 1799.

ASSAYING METALS.

IN a first-class office, with every convenience, the fact that gold, silver or lead is contained in ore can be demonstrated in forty minutes. A "button" can be procured and an approximate value placed upon the metal contained, and many assayers base their returns upon this approximate. A correct return with scale weights takes about one hour and a quarter for the above-named metals. In assaying for copper and iron it takes about thirty-six hours, and for tin from forty-eight to seventy-two hours. In offices where the appliances are crude more time is required, and the assay cannot be exact. Also time must be allowed for heating furnace, etc.

CHARGEABLE TO SCIENCE.

There was not a man in the camp but knew that silver was never found in sandstone formation, and yet little Sammy Green had given the boys a very fine assay from a piece of a grindstone.

"It happened this way," said the old miner, crossing his legs, and helping himself to another bunch of grapes: "Pioche was a hard camp, and times were hard and life was hard. There was plenty of money, but our hearts were as hard as the rocks we crushed to get it. All work and worry, and doubt, and feverish hope and crime. The boys were always longing for amusement. The queerest games and pranks they used to play on each other that were cruel, grotesque, distressing, coarse, but never funny, in a vain attempt to find the innocent relaxation and recreation that only exist where the two halves of God's great family dwell together in love and virtue.

"We had two assayers in camp, Bill Smith and Sammy Green. Bill was a great, big,

dark, sarcastic man, dark-browed, overbearing, and seeming to take absolute delight in all that caused sorrow, suffering or disappointment. In fact the fellow was never seen to smile unless hearing or seeing some new distress of humanity, while Sammy Green was a little pink-and-white, blue-eyed, curly-headed baby, although he was forty years old.

"Bill was always 'picking on' Sammy because he was of his trade, and saying scathing, cutting things that made Sammy look like a wilted cabbage leaf in the sun, though he never resented it.

"It did not matter how heavy the ore or how dazzling the shining particles, or how good the indications were, Bill always gave the boys a low assay and I guess most of the time he was right; but Sammy would take the most unpromising piece of rock and assay it up in the hundreds or thousands of dollars to the ton, congratulate the boys on their good fortune with such hearty earnestness that none could choose but believe.

"Sometimes the boys would get an assay from both parties, compare them, strike an average and work to that.

"It happened that a miner named Bob Hut had struck what he considered a very valuable lode. Choice specimens of the ore were sent to both assay offices with instructions to send the result over to the saloon when completed. There Bob, surrounded by a crowd of friends, smoked his pipe serenely.

"Presently the two papers, oracles of fate, were handed to Bob, and he opened and read them amidst a profound silence. There was a hush of expectancy from the group as Bob folded the second and poked it into his vest pocket.

" 'Well, boys,' he said, 'Bill says there is five cents in gold, two cents lead, and just a trace of silver.'

No one ventured a remark.

" 'But Sammy,' and the speaker's face lit up with a broad smile, 'says there are five hundred dollars in gold, three hundred in silver, and enough lead to pay for milling.

That is the nearest to an agreement that ever came from these two offices.'

"A yell—not a laugh—of derision rent the air.

"'They are both humbugs,' said one speaker, 'and I am surprised that this camp tolerates them.'

"Meeting no objections to these bold sentiments, the speaker proceeded.

"'No other assayer'll be likely to settle in here while these two varmints pester the earth. Let's drum 'em out.'

"'You'll get drummed out yourself,' growled a man in the corner.

"The conversation became general, the men began to split up into three parties, and a row was brooding.

"Bob Hut spoke up, 'I have it, boys, and there'll be fun in it, too. We'll get a piece of gold quartz, the richest specimen in Raymond and Ely's cabinet, and send to Bill; then we'll clip a piece off the grindstone in the yard and send it to Sammy and see what kind of an assay we get from them this time. By the great jumping frog, if they don't hit the truth within a mile, out of this camp they go neck and heels!'

"This was highly approved, and while Bob Hut went to secure the specimens, 'Judge' Jeffries stood with a loaded pistol in his hand determined no man should go out to give these victims a hint of the plot.

"Presently Bob returned; and the two specimens were handed round for the miners to inspect. I think Bob did not want little Sammy to fall into the trap, for the piece of grindstone had the mark of the tools that had been sharpened in its gritty surface. He sat up to the bar and wrote a note to each assayer on a piece of brown packing paper, telling each that he had decided to have another assay to make assurance doubly sure, and sent them by a boy, together with the specimens.

"They whiled the time away as best they could waiting for the reply. In about two hours the papers—the fatal papers—arrived.

"Bob Hut opened and read the first,

couched in professional phraseology. It stated that there was a trace of gold, three cents in silver and no lead. This statement was greeted with sarcastic sneers that boded no good for the surly assayer.

"Bob opened the other paper, I fancied a little reluctantly, and read aloud: 'Dear old boy:—Your fortune is made. Specimen is one-half free silver. I can almost squeeze it out with my hand. Don't know a man in the world I'd rather congratulate. Shake old boy.'"

"'True to their original colors, aint they?' remarked the miner who had proposed to drive them out of town, when the shout with which the second assay was received, had a little subsided.

"Then the boys arranged a little surprise party for them, and having sent for them and explained the nature and extent of the crime of which they had been proven guilty, and how it reflected on the dignity and retarded the prosperity of the camp, they escorted them to the edge of camp, accompanied by a tin-pan band, and bade them depart and return no more.

"Bill got on a horse and, with a few bitter words, and a look like a savage wolf, rode off vowing vengeance on every separate individual concerned; but poor little Sammy took his bundle on his back and trudged out weeping softly and casting reproachful glances on us. At the halting place he tried to make a speech, but we hissed him down. Then he waved his handkerchief, and while the tears rolled down his face said, 'Good-by, boys. You'll be sorry for this some day,' and went his way, to return no more forever.

"The incident was entirely forgotten when the startling intelligence came to the scientific world that here in Leeds, Washington County, there were silver mines, rich ones, too, and the native rock was sandstone. Then I remembered that we got that grindstone from Leeds, and I believe Sammy's assay was correct; and he said with a sigh, 'I have lived to be sorry for my part in that affair, but the whole thing is chargeable to science.'"

TOPICS OF THE TIMES.

Mob Law and the Course of Labor Unions.

NO one who reads the newspapers of the day can fail to be struck with the peculiar condition of affairs throughout our nation.

In the South, lynching has become so common that to merely accuse a person, especially a negro, of a certain crime almost insures his death by violence at the hands of a mob. The bare accusation seems to be accepted as a proof of guilt, and pains are not always taken, even where a crime has been committed, to be sure that the person accused is the really guilty one. There can be no doubt that where such a summary method of punishment is resorted to, innocent parties fall victims to the rage of infuriated, blind and unreasoning mobs. This is a dreadful condition of affairs, and it ought to arouse fears in the breasts of all lovers of good government; for such practices cannot be continued without destroying the safeguards which the constitution and laws throw around the liberties and lives of the citizens. Men who have enmity against others, and who may for any reason want to be revenged upon them, can easily frame plots against the lives of those whom they hate, and by arousing the fury of the mob have them sacrificed, though they may be entirely innocent of all wrongdoing. The temptation to do this, where such a spirit of mobocracy reigns, is very great, and no man is safe where this spirit is prevalent.

In the North, labor and capital are arrayed against each other. Strikes are very frequent, and some of them of the most formidable character, including in the strike thousands of workingmen, and involving, directly and indirectly, many thousands of men, women and children. Labor organizations are spreading all over the country, and at their command hundreds, sometimes thousands, of workingmen quit their labor, and the works in which they were employed are suspended, and the owners suffer great loss and are prevented from fulfilling important contracts.

This is the case at the Carnegie mills, where there has been much bloodshed, through the fighting of the strikers and the Pinkerton men, the latter of whom were sent to take charge of the works. The Carnegie company are under contract to finish the government armor plates for the construction of war vessels; but because of the action of their workmen they have been unable to comply with their contracts. The whole nation has been deeply interested in this struggle, and the people have watched with great interest the results. It seemed at one time as though there would be open war; but fortunately the militia, which was sent there by the Governor of the State of Pennsylvania, was able to maintain order and to quell the riotous conduct of the violently-disposed.

A similar trouble occurs in the northern part of the State of Idaho. The Federal troops have had to be sent there, upon the request of the Governor of the State, to quell the riots caused by the determination of the union miners that non-union men should not work the mines in which they had been employed.

Of the merits of these quarrels it is not necessary for me to say anything. It is sufficient to point to the extraordinary condition of affairs produced by these labor organizations in their contest with capital. The question seems to be one that must be sooner or later settled, whether organizations of this character shall dictate to employers the kind of men they shall employ, and prohibit them from employing workmen who are not members of these labor organizations. In the Carnegie troubles also another question seems to loom up, namely, whether workingmen employed in various branches of manufacture shall have the right to organize themselves and take possession of the mills, factories and other premises where they have worked and not allow the owners to control them or to admit into their premises other men whom they wish to employ because they happen to be objectionable to the old workmen. These questions are involved in most of these strikes; for it is

generally the case, when a body of men strike, they resort to violence to keep other men from filling their places, and the owners of the property lose control of it until Federal or State authority comes to their rescue and overpowers the strikers.

Whatever the wrongs of the workmen may be—and no doubt they have their side of the case to tell—it is not possible, as long as this country is governed by law, for them to proceed to the lengths which many of their number advocate. Men have the right to quit work when the labor does not suit them, or when the pay is insufficient; but have they the right to say that others shall not work? Or have they the right to take possession of the premises of their employers and by force of arms keep the owners from exercising control over their own property, or from employing men who may be objectionable to the strikers?

There is no doubt that in many instances capital has oppressed the laborer. This is particularly the case in the countries of the Old World where men and women are plentiful and their labor can be obtained at very low wages. It is not so much the case in this land. The country is broad, and the opportunities for obtaining employment are numerous. Still, in parts of the country where the population is dense, no doubt capital takes advantage, and the laboring man is squeezed, and he feels the heavy hand of oppression. On the other hand, it is alleged that a great many dissatisfied foreigners have left Europe and come to this country, and are circulating among the working people the doctrines of anarchy, and teaching them that perfect equality in the matter of this world's goods should prevail. Such doctrines appeal strongly to the ignorant masses, and their spread is attended with danger. They produce envy and discontent. They have the effect to array one class against another, and to destroy all harmony and co-operation. If these doctrines continue to spread, they will be attended with very serious consequences, and rich men will stand in jeopardy. The

fanatic at any moment may take it into his head to kill them, with the idea that they are obstructing the progress of the doctrines of equality.

To a Latter-day Saint these occurrences to which I refer are full of engrossing interest, because it has been the belief of our people a number of years that these things would come to pass, and that a condition of affairs such as we now witness would prevail. About sixty years ago the Latter-day Saints were cruelly mobbed. They were despoiled of their property. They received personal abuse, and some even were killed; and they were driven from their possessions. Scenes of this character were witnessed for many years. No sooner had the people accumulated a little substance and begun to build themselves comfortable homes, than they were attacked by mobs and driven from them. This occurred a number of times. During all the years that the Latter-day Saints were the prey of mobs they constantly appealed for protection to the officers of the States where they suffered these outrages; but their appeals were in vain; they could not even obtain protection, much less redress. From these accumulated wrongs there seemed to be but one escape. They had tried moving from one county to another, from one state to another; but now the alternative that presented itself was that they should go into the wilderness. They sought a land uninhabited by white men. They felt to trust the savages of the plains and mountains in preference to remaining where they were in constant danger of pillage and loss of liberty and life from the men of their own race.

But the Prophets among the Latter-day Saints uttered remarkable predictions concerning the effects that would result from the treatment they had received. As mobs had troubled and robbed and killed them, in defiance of law and in spite of their appeals to the administrators of the law, so they predicted the time would come when mobocracy should prevail in the nation, and when law would be

trampled under foot, and the people of the nation suffer from the violence of mobs and be powerless to escape. In reading the accounts with which the daily press abounds, these predictions come vividly to mind. Life is held very cheaply in many parts of the nation, and the colored race especially live in terror; for neither their property nor their lives are safe. The disposition to wreak vengeance by mobs does not confine itself, however, to that hapless race: white men and women fall victims to the fury of mobs. Property rights in the North are not treated with respect. Mills, factories, and other property, and even railroads, are taken possession of by organized labor associations, and are either menaced with destruction or all work is stopped upon them, to suit the decisions of organizations which in many instances are but little better than mobs.

The predictions of the Prophet Joseph Smith concerning the future were treated very lightly, and even now, though they are being fulfilled before the eyes of the people, there is no disposition to view these events as the fulfillment of his words. Yet how strikingly they are being fulfilled, and how plain it is to be seen by those whose eyes are open that the condition of things, which he said should prevail at no distant day in this Republic, is already in existence! Property is wrested from its owners, is held by organized bodies of men contrary to law, and life is insecure and in many instances taken with impunity, in bold and defiant opposition to all the rights which are guaranteed by the Constitution and laws of the country.

Looked at calmly and dispassionately, there is enough in the present condition of affairs to cause deep alarm. No one can contemplate that which is taking place without perceiving how seriously the people and our form of government are menaced. And this may be said almost to be the beginning. The seed sown during the persecutions of the Latter-day Saints has germinated and grown, and is now beginning to bear its dreadful fruits. But the harvest is not yet! *The Editor.*

LITTLE WILLIE.

LITTLE WILLIE lived in a large town in Yorkshire, England. My story commences when he was about seven years old.

Willie's father was poor and worked very hard. About this time Willie began to help his father work. He had learned to read tolerably well (for he had loved his books); but now he became more careless, and all the leisure time that Willie had he wished to spend in play. He continued in this way till he was about nine years old, and he had lost so much of his reading during this time that he now could barely name the letters of the alphabet.

One day a very strange feeling came over him, and he thought of many men whom he knew could not read, and he knew that people called them ignorant—that they did not have much influence—did not know anything but hard labor; that if any place of ease and profit should offer itself they would not be able to fill it. Then, on the other hand, he thought of many who were filling easy positions, drawing high wages, enjoying a good influence, and respected by all who knew them. Among the rest he thought of his Uncle C—, head book-keeper of a large firm, with an income of four hundred pounds sterling per year, while those hard-working, uneducated men had only about twenty or from that to thirty pounds sterling per year, dragging out a miserable existence, unable to sustain a comfortable home.

These thoughts led little Willie to make a resolution. And what do you think it was? I will tell you. He resolved that he would do his best to become a learned and useful man; that from that moment all his leisure time should be spent in gaining knowledge.

Willie went right away to his father and told him his thoughts, and said, "Father, if you please will you give me money to buy a book, and I will go over to Mr. Lund's book store and buy a 'Reading Made Easy,' for that is the name of the book, and this very night I will commence to learn?"

"Yes, my son," said Willie's father, "I will give you money with which to buy a book. I very much approve of the plan that you have chosen to adopt, and I will do all that I can to help you carry it out."

Willie got the money, went to Mr. Lund's store, purchased the book, returned home and commenced his task.

About this time Edward Milnes and Henry Cuerdon, missionaries of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, visited Willie's native town. They looked around but could see no familiar face nor hear a friendly voice. They went along one of the back streets which led to a large woolen factory. Away high up, on the side of this factory, they saw the words "Providence Mills." The words attracted their attention, and they felt strongly impressed to go inside and see if Providence would open up their way. And sure enough God did open their way, for when they got inside, one of the overlookers seemed as though he wanted to talk to them, and finally came and asked them if they were preachers. They told him that they were.

"I am glad of that," said the man; "I am one of a small congregation who have left the Methodist New Connection Church. We meet together every Sabbath, worship God as well as we know how, and pray that He will send us the *pure gospel*. It is my turn to preach on next Sabbath. Will you be so kind as to preach for me?"

The Elders told him that they would feel very happy in doing so. After an agreeable conversation they left the factory. As they walked back along the street they thanked God for this proof that He watched over them, and that He had guided their steps to "Providence Mills;" and they also prayed that on the coming Sabbath God would give them a large portion of His Spirit so that they would be able to preach the pure testimony of Jesus to the people to the convincing of the honest in heart.

Sabbath morning dawned, and ten o'clock found the Elders seated in a snug little school room, surrounded by an intelligent-looking

congregation, who were anxiously waiting to hear them preach. The meeting was opened, the Elders were introduced, and they told the people that an angel had come from heaven and restored the everlasting gospel, that all who would believe their word, repent of their sins and be baptized for the remission of them, have hands laid upon them that they might receive the Holy Ghost, and then continue to live by every word that should come from the mouth of God, should be saved, and receive a testimony that they had preached the truth to them.

This plain, simple preaching filled the hearts of the people with joy, and some spoke aloud and said, "This is the pure gospel; God has answered our prayers." When the Elders had done preaching they asked the people if any of them wished to be baptized. Six of the principal men in the congregation then stood up and said that they were ready at any time. One of Willie's uncles was among the six. And soon after Willie's father and mother went to hear the Elders preach. Willie's father said, "I believe these men preach the same gospel that Jesus Christ and His Apostles preached." Willie's mother thought so too, and they agreed that it was their duty to go and be baptized, which they did.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

XI.--THE JAREDITES.

Were the Jaredites Known to their Contemporaries on the Eastern Continent?—Voyages of the Phœnicians, Carthaginians and Egyptians—Phœnician Inscription Found in Brazil—Atlantis—The Pharaoh Found in Illinois.

IT is a somewhat peculiar though now generally acknowledged fact that geographical knowledge has not advanced among men with steady, orderly and ever increasing strides; but to the contrary there have been periods of activity in geographical discovery followed by ages of inertia. Lands have been discovered, occupied, abandoned, for-

gotten and then, centuries after, re-discovered. The Egyptians and Phœnicians were the great navigators of early civilization. When their power waned and Rome became mistress of the world, many of their discoveries were lost sight of, the policy of the latter people being consolidation and a strong central government. Their realm formed one solid mass, reached, as a rule, by overland roads, not of remote and isolated colonies located far and wide over Europe, Asia and Africa, as did those of the Phœnicians. Thus it came that geographical knowledge was much further advanced six hundred years before Christ than at the time of the Redeemer's birth. Between the years B. C. 611—605 Africa was circumnavigated; all recollection of such a feat had passed away in His time.

It is worthy of note that this decrease in maritime activity is coincident with the era of the departure of the colonies of Lehi and Mulek for America, and of the promise which the Lord gave to the first named that as long as his seed were faithful in keeping the laws of heaven the land that had been given to them "should be kept as yet from the knowledge of other nations."*

If Diodorus Siculus and other ancient writers are to be believed, the Carthaginian Senate, in the year B. C. 460, to stop emigration, passed a decree condemning to death any man, woman or child who should embark for "The Lands of the West." We do not understand why so extreme a penalty should be attached to the attempt to emigrate to the Lands of the West; but the decree certainly would have the effect, so far as Carthage was concerned, of preventing any of its citizens landing in America, and in this way aiding in a most remarkable manner in the fulfilment of the Lord's promise of isolation to the seed of Lehi. And that promise was fulfilled in its completeness, for if the ancients had any knowledge of this continent it became to them a vague tradition and most

certainly the people of no other nation reached its shores until long after the descendants of Lehi had turned from the Lord and had fallen right into the lowest depths of savagery and idolatry.* The existence of this era of geographical ignorance is a very interesting, though incidental, evidence of the truth of the Book of Mormon.

But were the ancient Phœnicians, Carthaginians and Egyptians acquainted with America? did they know anything of the Jaredites? We believe they did. In the first place there is nothing inconsistent in having this belief, in the second place there is direct testimony in its favor.

Surely so far as probabilities are concerned there is nothing startling in believing that the people who circumnavigated Africa, traded with China, and penetrated north, at least, as far as the Hebrides, and apparently into the Baltic, crossed the South Atlantic and landed in Brazil. To do so with their vessels and with the favorable winds usually blowing would have been no extraordinary feat. In fact we have the account of such a thing being done. A few years ago some slaves, working on a farm in the parish of Parabyba (Brazil) discovered a stone covered with Phœnician characters. These characters were translated by Senor Ladesloa Netto, director of the museum at Rio Janeiro, and gave an account, in substance, as follows:

The stone was a commemorative one, erected by some Sidonian, or as they call themselves Canaanite exiles or refugees, between the ninth and tenth years of the reign of a king named Hiram. They left the port of Eziongebar or Akaba, on the upper waters of the Red Sea and for twelve lunar months sailed along the coast of Africa. The number of the vessels and of the members of the party, both male and female, is given; these details being placed between the invocations

*The Nephites were destroyed at Cumorah A. D. 385. It was not until the tenth century, at the earliest, that the Northmen landed on this continent, or more than 600 years later.

* 11. Nephi i: 5-11.

to their protecting gods and goddesses. The inscription is in eight lines of beautiful Phœnician characters, but there is no separation of the words, neither vowel points, nor quiescent letters.

There were two Phœnician kings named Hiram; one, the friend of Solomon, reigned from about 980 to 947 B. C., the other occupied the throne from 558 to 552 B. C.: the inscription does not say which of these Hiram is referred to. From this silence we conclude it was the earlier one; as if it had been the second it would have probably so stated, as long as there was only one there was no necessity to particularize. Again it could not have been in the time of the second Hiram as that was after the date of the promise made by God to Lehi that this land should be kept from the knowledge of other nations.

Diodorus Siculus* makes the following statement, as a fact of authentic history:

"Over against Africa lies a very great island, in the vast ocean, many days sail from Lybia westward. The soil there is very fruitful, a great part whereof is mountainous, but much likewise flat, open country, which is the sweetest and pleasantest part, for it is watered by several navigable streams and beautified with many pleasure gardens, planted with divers sorts of trees and an abundance of orchards. The towns are adorned with stately buildings and banqueting houses, pleasantly situated in their gardens and orchards. * * * The Phœnicians, having found out the coasts beyond the Pillars of Hercules,† sailed along the coast of Africa. One of their ships, on a sudden, was driven by a furious storm far off into the main ocean. After they had lain under this violent tempest many days, they at length arrived at this island."‡

* A Roman historian who lived in the days of Julius Cæsar.

† The Straits of Gibraltar.

‡ Elder George M. Ottinger, in his articles on "Old America," published some few years ago in this periodical, suggests, from the description given, that it was Central America that these Phœnicians sighted.

We here ask how could the Phœnicians have given such an exact description of the geographical position and appearance of this continent if they had never seen it? Does it not take a much greater stretch of credulity to believe they guessed so well than that they actually told the truth; besides how well their description agrees with the high state of civilization existing among the Jaredites, according to the Book of Ether, eleven hundred years before the advent of the Savior, which is the time this voyage is said to have taken place. On the other hand how admirably this account bears testimony to the genuineness of Ether's record!

"Greek writers inform us that the Phœnicians and Carthagenians knew the way to a country beyond the Atlantic." The Egyptians knew of an island, far to the west, known as Atlantis, which sustained a great population. These people finally became desperately wicked, and the island was swept away by a deluge. Plato mentions it in his *Timæus*.* On old Venetian maps, Atlantis is put to the west of the Azores and Canaries.

Here appears to be a precise knowledge of the destruction of the Jaredites and the causes therefor; while the deluge which swept the island away would be a very convenient explanation why they could not find it after the Lord had placed His inhibition on further intercourse between the peoples of the two continents.

Dr. Hyde Clark† says: "It is very questionable whether at any time there was regular intercourse over the Atlantic. * * * In what we know of the historical period, under the Greeks and the Romans, a lively knowledge of America was lost; the Greeks could not reach it from the west, and the Romans, when they settled on the shores of the Atlantic, had other cares than to risk the wide sea. A dead knowledge lingered, not

* A Greek philosopher, born B. C. 429, died B. C. 348.

† Lecture given before the Anthropological Institute, 1874.

only of the geography of the Americas, but of Australasia. * * * There must at one time have been men in the olden world, men who could bring back this knowledge of the Americas from their Nineveh to its Nineveh and Babel, where the empire of the four worlds got centered, and where one language was spoken and written for the government of the earth. How truly was it then said of Babel, 'And the whole earth was of one language and of one speech.' (*Genesis XI: 1.*) The fall of that power was indeed confusion of nations and of tongues. * * * The intercourse in times of yore between the new world and the old, now again brought to light, rests upon no slight evidence."

Another gentleman* remarks: "There are proofs that there must have been repeated intercommunication between the new and the old worlds prior to the days of Columbus. So evident is this conclusion that some writers have tried to establish that the origin of the religions and the civilization of the old world must be sought in America."

On April 23rd, 1843, some citizens of Kinderhook, Pike County, Illinois, while digging in a mound found about six feet from the surface of the earth the skeleton of a very tall man. On his breast were six bell-shaped brass plates, covered with engravings. These plates were taken to the Prophet Joseph Smith and he translated a portion of the characters. He states they contained the history of the person with whom they were found, who was a descendant of Ham, through the loins of Pharaoh, king of Egypt, and that he received his kingdom from the ruler of heaven and earth.†

Here then we have the statement of the Prophet of God that, at any rate, one royal Egyptian came to America; but it is scarcely to be supposed that he, being of the royal blood, would come alone.

From the very meagre details given us by

the Prophet we may perhaps be justified in drawing the following deductions:

That as he could not have come to this land during the time of the divine inhibition, when the faithful Nephites occupied it, it is altogether more probable that as a Hametic Pharaoh, he came in the days of the Jaredites.

Evidence is accumulating that the reigning dynasty of Pharaohs in the days of the oppression and exodus of Israel were of Chaldean origin, who apparently had driven the previous dynasty, descended from Ham and Egyptus, from the throne. In this way the scriptural statement that there arose another Pharaoh, who knew not Joseph is accounted for. That the Egyptian ruler whose skeleton was found in the Illinois mound did not quietly succeed his father in the kingly authority may be surmised from the statement that he received his kingdom from God. We therefore think it not improbable that he belonged to the family of Pharaohs dethroned by their Chaldean successors, that he fled from his native country, with a certain following came to this country, and by the grace of heaven built up a kingdom here. The time of his coming would be somewhere between the days of Ephraim and Moses, and also that as he would very naturally be buried near the seat of his government we may reasonably conclude that his kingdom was situated in the great valley of the Mississippi.

From the testimony presented above we think we are justified in believing that the Jaredites were known to their cotemporaries on the eastern continent.

George Reynolds.

THE manner of saying or of doing anything goes a great way in the value of the thing itself. It was well said of him that called a good office that was done harshly, and with an ill-will, a stony piece of bread; it is necessary for him that is hungry to receive it, but it almost chokes a man in the going down.

* Mr. R. G. Haliburton.

† "Millennial Star," Vol. 21, pp. 40-41.

The Juvenile Instructor.

GEORGE Q. CANNON, EDITOR.

SALT LAKE CITY, AUGUST 15, 1892

EDITORIAL THOUGHTS.

A Contrast.



RECENT visit to settlements south of the "rim of the Basin" and to Arizona has brought the condition of the people in those regions into striking contrast with the condition of the people in the older settled parts of the Territory of Utah, and has prompted a good many reflections. Latter-day Saints living in the regions we have lately visited are generally in much poorer circumstances than people of the same class who live in Salt Lake and neighboring valleys. When we say of the same class we mean men and women who have been in the mountains about the same length of time. The settlers at St. George were selected from among the oldest settlers of the Territory, and they left Salt Lake City and vicinity generally well provided with means for that period. But the country to which they went was a hard one, and it has required a great deal of toil and self-sacrifice to maintain themselves, and in many instances they are, no better provided with worldly means than they were when they left Salt Lake.

It is well known that some who were called to go on that mission did not respond, or if, in some instances, they did, they returned. There are some who thus returned who have grown rich since then, and their families are in much better circumstances than they probably would have been had they gone to St. George and other settlements as they were requested to do. It may be that some persons and their families, who returned without being honorably released, may congratulate themselves because of the course that they have taken and the results which they have wit-

nessed. They are in some instances in affluent circumstances. They are surrounded by every comfort, and by many luxuries. While their brethren who faithfully responded to the call and transported themselves and their families to the south are comparatively poor, and while they may have some comforts, are destitute of luxuries.

In contrasting these different conditions, on our recent visit, the question naturally arose, which of these people have pursued the wiser course? Have the men who responded to the call and faithfully attempted to fulfill the mission assigned them, taken the better course, bringing, as it has done, toil and hardship; or have those who declined to obey the call, and who remained in their old places and accumulated wealth by so doing?

Judged from a worldly standpoint, the latter class has pursued the most profitable course. Every one who judged of this matter by worldly rules would approve of the course that was taken by those who declined to accept the mission, and as an evidence of their having done right would point to the prosperity that had attended them, as contrasted with the narrow circumstances of those who had done as they were told. But this would only be a superficial view, and conclusions drawn from such a view would not be the most reliable.

The acquisition of wealth has not been the aim of the Latter-day Saints. If it had been, they certainly would not have embraced the gospel, because the elders who taught the gospel never held out such an inducement as a reason why the principles they taught should be espoused. On the contrary, they taught the people that if they embraced the gospel they would have to suffer all manner of persecution—the loss of their good name, and of property, and perhaps of life itself. These were the prospects held out to those who investigated the truth.

But they were promised eternal riches. They were promised glory, and honor, and immortality, and crowns of eternal life in the presence of God. But they were warned that

their fate, if they embraced the truth, might be the fate of the Savior and those who followed in His footsteps. The early members of the Church did endure all these things. They were robbed, driven from their homes, and suffered great privations, and in many instances lost their lives. The Saints who came to these mountains fled from this kind of persecution. They did not come here for wealth; they came here for freedom, and for the opportunity of serving the Lord in peace and quietness. Those who first settled this Salt Lake Valley would have been satisfied if they could only have raised enough of the plainest food to have lived upon, and enjoyed the liberty of conscience which they desired.

It must not be lost sight of by Latter-day Saints that wealth is not the object of their pursuit, but it is the truth of heaven, the principles of salvation, the blessings to be obtained by obedience to God's law, and the great rewards promised hereafter to those who are faithful. Judged, therefore, by this standard, the people who accumulated wealth may not in reality be the most rich, for the reason that when they die they cannot take their wealth with them. The poor man who has received promises from the Lord, and upon whom He has sealed His blessings, if faithful, is rich in eternal things, and in the next world may occupy a far higher and more exalted position than his brother who is rich in worldly things.

We know of children whose fathers and mothers were faithful members of the Church, and who accumulated wealth. Some of that wealth has fallen into the possession of these children. But though they may be rich in earthly substance, they are poor in faith, and in some instances are aliens to the gospel and to all its promises.

Suppose that there should be families of this kind who were called to go to the south, but did not; is it better for their children to be in possession of earthly riches and destitute of faith than it would be for them to be in poorer circumstances and strong in the faith of the gospel? There can be but one answer

to this in the minds of true Latter-day Saints.

Whatever may be the poverty of the Latter-day Saints in the southern settlements, one thing is very noticeable: their children, as a rule, are faithful members of the Church. They appear to love the Lord, and are growing up to be faithful men and women in His cause. We were particularly struck with this. And in our view this is a full compensation for any poverty or privation with which their parents may have to contend. If the aim of parents who are members of the Church in having children is to have these children tread in their footsteps, and to be faithful members also, to take their places when they pass away, then the Latter-day Saints living in the settlements to which we refer are accomplishing their aims. They have a gratification which money cannot bring in seeing their children grow up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord; and this is a result upon which no money value can be placed, for it is inestimable.

In moving around among the Saints in these southern settlements, one is reminded of the primitive days. The lives of the people are simple, their wants are comparatively few and easily satisfied, and the conditions are favorable to the development of faith. They have this advantage, too, over those who lived in more primitive days: they have agencies that are of great assistance to them in the training of their young, such as primary associations, the Sunday schools and mutual improvement associations. Education is more general and more easily obtained. Facilities for improvement in every branch are better and more numerous than they were in early days of the settlements in Salt Lake Valley. The effect of these is visible in the rising generation, and it is not too much to hope that a generation of faithful, intelligent and God-fearing men and women will grow up in those settlements, who will place a higher value upon their religion and its spiritual blessings than they will upon the wealth of the world and all the luxuries that flow from its possession.

THE THREE PINES.

IT was a warm, slumberous afternoon in Florida. The warmth was rich with cool vegetation, the air and sky of soft languid-pulsing warmth. "Mars" Leland lay stretched in lazy indolence in the wide hammock beneath the dense and fragrant shade of a huge magnolia tree. His hat lay on the grass and the palm leaf fan in his hand—as white as a woman's—moved indolently. Clothed in white linen from head to foot save the azure tie at his throat, so carelessly knotted as to leave an inch or two of his neck exposed, Leland Barclay might have sat for a picture of luxurious idleness, only the suggestion of "sitting" would have been something so akin to fatigue as to have seemed out of harmony with the picture.

The home of his father's, a great rambling old wooden structure, full of quaint corners and gables, unexpected piazzas and porches, every door a window and every window a door, crowned a small knoll, and had its thick cluster of trees about it like a queen and her body guard. It was painted a dazzling white with dark green windows and edging. The plantation was known as the "Three Pines," far and near, because in the center of "little swamp" grew three gigantic pines with their heads all leaned together like school boys plotting mischief.

The broad acres of the plantation stretched out on every side and far away just where the giant forest swept down and looked hungrily upon the acres wrested from it, were a long row of negro huts.

The cotton fields were white with bloom, and the dusky forms of "Mars" Leland's slaves, with their bright bandanas twisted around their heads could be seen here and there gathering the white fibrous flowers into huge baskets. The form of an overseer on a fine horse, his broad panama hat making him conspicuous, passed into sight occasionally, as he directed the work or hurried some lazy negro inclined to shirk his duty.

Mr. Leland was not alone under the magnolia trees. Pauline Raymond sat by him in a little wicker chair. Her light hair would curl in little tendrils about her face and neck although it was plain to be seen that she had done all in her power to make it look as smooth as silk; or as her maid had privately confided to one of her friends: "She just acts as though she wanted her hair to look like each separate thread was tied on a peg drove into the top of her head."

Her features were thin and almost colorless, save for the bright crimson of a beautiful pair of lips. The dress she wore was the conventional white, but there were no becoming effeminate puffs or frills; its severely common sense outlines made her rather thin form look almost angular.

Both these people were in the golden glory of the June of life. She was looking idly over the landscape, he was looking admiringly at her; though not many men could have guessed, perhaps, what a man so gifted by nature with physical and mental perfections, so favored by fortune with all that earth has to give of fortune to her best loved sons, could have found to admire in the thin, pale little New England school teacher with her sarcasm and temper.

"It's a beautiful picture, is it not?" he asked at the end of half an hour of unbroken silence.

"Perhaps," she replied tartly, "to those who see only the surface, but if I am ever able to see any beauty in slavery, then I shall expect all the ghosts of my ancestors to arise from the grave to denounce me."

He laughed a low, melodious laugh rich with harmonious contentment. "If I did not love you, Pauline, I would argue this question with you, for I see you are anxious for a debate, but I am too chivalrous to even suggest a difference of opinion with the lady I love."

Her delicate nostrils quivered with anger and scorn, which he plainly saw and perfectly understood.

"If I were a great, strong man I would be ashamed to sit supinely down in the lap of luxury and do nothing with the talents the

Lord had given me, and leave the world no better off for my having cumbered it."

"Did you ever hear of the old saying so popular among the negroes, Miss Pauline?" he asked, his half shut eyes smiling at her.

She did not deign a reply, so he continued, "Well it's this: 'Never trouble trouble, till trouble troubles you.' And just to add strength to the same thought permit me to repeat another's words: 'Take the goods the gods provide and be ye satisfied.'"

Miss Raymond made a little impatient movement.

"Really, Pauline, talking is very fatiguing;" and he moved the fan slowly backward and forward; "I wish you would not try to make me defend myself. I think I am uncommonly industrious. Very few southern gentlemen keep their own accounts, and I do all that, and once in a while ride overseer."

"Pray don't exhaust yourself in conversing with me, Mr. Barclay," she replied with cold hauteur. "And pray do not mention the odious subject of love to me again. If I loved you, and approved of you in all these small matters which I consider essential, and which you treat so lightly I still would not marry a man whose daily bread was wrung from the hand of degraded, ignorant slave labor, at the end of a lash."

Leland Barclay was wounded, but he still did not allow his fair enemy to see it.

"Speaking seriously, Pauline, if I could free all my slaves today without offending my friends and neighbors, I believe I should do it. Do you think that nothing is given them in return for their work? Are you quite sure the laborers of the north are better off and more kindly treated? Have you ever seen the 'lash' you quote so eloquently applied? Do you realize," and there was a gravity in his tone now that was almost sternness, "that I am not only responsible for the food, clothing, shelter and doctor bills of these five hundred human beings, only half of whom are capable of working, whether crops fail, or I find markets or not, but I am responsible to the country for their conduct. If I could

set them all free tomorrow, laying down this burden of obligation, and hire just laborers when I need them and leaving them to shift for themselves or starve when they had served my purposes, then perhaps I might rise to a level in your mind with those noble men in the north, who do not hold in the slack cord of a so-called slavery an inferior race, but who make earth a place accursed for those of their own race. I am told," he said, in a shocked voice, "perhaps you will know if it is true, that women are kept at work in their tread-mills of factories twelve hours out of twenty-four the year round. Pauline, we do not treat our dogs like that!"

It was Pauline's turn to feel the keen edge of the knife of truth, but she did not wince.

"At least we are nobody's slaves. We are not bought and sold. When we choose we may leave such employ. We have freedom absolute."

This was a typical conversation with which these two ungrateful mortals marred this fair scene. There was something in her nature so different to anything Leland Barclay had found in the languid southern beauties, that it had at once attracted him. It was a difference that blended and harmonized with his nature, not the difference that irritates and scorches. He admired her for her extreme views and frank expressions, albeit somewhat bitter at times.

She came south in search of health. Her lungs had rebuilt their tissues in the balmy air of a Florida winter, but the brittle energy, the mental activity which ever amidst the wreck of her physical structure had coursed through her veins like wine, had effervesced beneath the all-pervading languor of the summer sun. She was angry with herself that in six months she found every phase of her nature attuning itself to the splendid inertia of this land of vivid dreams. She loved her host, but feeling absolutely sure of his devotion, not only denied it to him but also to herself.

Another interval of silence and Pauline pretended to sleep, but in reality she was

watching the almost motionless evolution of one of a pair of golden eagles, whose nest was built among the combined branches of the "three pines."

Years on years these same birds had reared their young in the same nest, the old birds remaining and the young ones seeking a new home. The young pigs, turkeys, lambs and chickens those eagles ate was an item regularly counted on. The Barclays were very proud of their eagles, and they were never molested.

There was the prophecy of an old negress, who said the Barclays rented of the eagles, and on their death there would be more.

Out of a path not far away rushed "Mammy," the old negress who had nursed Leland when he was an infant. She was followed by a crowd of black and white children, and her honest face had assumed a green tinge in lieu of palor.

"Dar's a 'gatur' (alligator) in big swamp Mars Leland," she exclaimed, puffing and waddling toward him. "We'uns was a jumpin' from one sod to another tryin' to get to the island, and we'uns heard it plain. Jis' like funder over in Georgia, or a bull bellerin' under a load of fodder. We'uns got outen there in no time, and a tolin' Miss Virginia and tellin' 'em to be keerfull and not fall into the lagoons."

"You had better keep your brood of chickens away from the big swamp, mammy," said her master, not moving or becoming the least bit excited.

After telling the story over three distinct times, with variations from the children, the old nurse took her flock over to a tree at some distance where they flung themselves down upon the grass where the shade was deep, and ate their dew-berries, black, yellow and red from cups of paw-paw leaves, which even their terror had not caused them to abandon.

[TO BE CONCLUDED.]

FAULT FINDING.

A GREAT many persons seem to think there is no harm in finding fault with those around them, even with their friends and associates, or in speaking about those faults to others so long as they do not falsify or misrepresent. But I wish I could impress upon each of my young readers the perniciousness and demoralizing results of this habit from my own experience. They would certainly take warning and try to cultivate a charitable and forgiving state of mind instead of a fault-finding one.

In theory, at least, we are willing to admit that "we are not perfect," that "we all have our faults" and need the exercise of charity and forbearance on the part of our brothers and sisters. But none of us like to have these faults rudely and harshly criticized either to our faces or behind our backs. What would you think of the physician who should discourage his patients by magnifying all their real or imaginary ailments, pointing out all their defects of body and mind, telling them what poor, diseased, broken-down, miserable, almost incurable wretches they were? What success would you expect him to have? Yet that is almost precisely the way that many of us treat one another, too many parents treat their children, and a few treat themselves.

As a rule, fault-finding only discourages and irritates, without doing any good, especially when done in a hard, critical spirit. It separates friends, makes us afraid of one another, and thus creates a spirit of bondage instead of a spirit of liberty, and is sure to result in discord and dislike if not in positive enmity.

There are people who critically examine their friends as they do apples before purchasing, turning them over and over to see if they can discover any flaws or specks. Now we can always find these flaws if we search for them, although I am convinced that many characteristics in others oftentimes appear as faults to us simply because they jar against or seem to rebuke some real defects in ourselves. Now,

ACT well at the moment, and you have performed a good action to all eternity.

if we choose to go through life looking for weaknesses, imperfections, wrongs, we shall find plenty of them, and we may dwell upon them until we become morbid and make ourselves and everybody else around us miserable. But we cannot cure faults in this way. On the other hand we can, if we desire, look on the bright side of persons and things. Without being blind to the faults of our friends, we can turn away from them to the contemplation of their virtues. Without shutting our eyes to what seems hard and merciless in nature, we can feast our eyes and hearts on its ten thousand scenes and sounds of indescribable beauty and harmony, and so have our own souls uplifted and our natures gradually purified.

It is a great mistake to suppose that speaking evil of our brethren and sisters consists only in saying what is not true about them. A spirit of criticism is a very unlovely and unhappy one. Unless subdued and cast out it will embitter the existence of all who give way to it. As you do not know who it is writing to you, I will use myself as an illustration, because you will be more impressed by personal testimony than by a mere statement of general principle.

I do not remember ever wilfully slandering or misrepresenting the character or acts of another. And yet all through my life I have possessed the unhappy faculty of discovering flaws in character and work, of seeing people's faults—yes, real faults or defects—and of severely criticising and condemning them. Having also a sensitive conscience, I could not help, cannot help, more mercilessly criticising and condemning in myself what I condemn in others, until at last my soul has no peace because I see such an awful array of defects in my own character and am powerless to fully correct them and to live up to that perfect standard of ideal manhood and womanhood to which I believe we must all attain before we can be prepared for the glorious destiny which is held out to us.

Now, I am sure that I should have made greater progress in the proper development of

my own character, should have been wiser, better, happier, sweeter in spirit and a greater comfort and blessing to all around me, if I had not given myself up so completely to this criticising spirit. And I want to caution my younger brethren and sisters against allowing this habit to control them. Like a little weed it is easily uprooted when young, but very difficult to get rid of when its roots have taken deep hold in the soil.

Let us remember that in every soul, in our own as well as others, there is a grain of the heavenly gold, though it may be hidden in a bushel of sand, and let it be our business to search for it instead of grumbling about the sand, for that grain is of priceless value when once found. Let us be careful to praise wherever we can truthfully. One word of merited praise will do more good than a thousand words of blame, though equally deserved. When it is necessary to speak of another's faults we should remember and follow the Lord's instructions on that point. By this course we shall not only do more good to others but shall avoid much misery ourselves.

"Nay, speak no ill, a kindly word
Will never leave a sting behind;
And, oh, to breathe each tale we've heard,
Is far beneath a noble mind.

Full oft a better seed is sown
By choosing this, the kinder plan,
And if but little good be known
Still speak of all the best we can."

117.

It is a good thing to believe; it is a good thing to admire. By continually looking upwards, our minds will themselves grow upwards; and as a man, by indulging in habits of scorn and contempt for others, is sure to descend to the level of what he despises, so the opposite habits of admiration and enthusiastic reverence for excellence impart to ourselves a portion of the qualities we admire. Here, as in everything else, humility is the surest path to exaltation.

DESERET SUNDAY SCHOOL UNION LEAFLETS

Lesson 33.—The Fall.

TEXTS.—Genesis 2 : 8, 9, 15, 16, 17. "Pearl of Great Price."

8. And the Lord God planted a garden¹ eastward in Eden; and there he put the man whom he had formed.

9. And out of the ground made the Lord God to grow every tree that is pleasant to the sight, and good for food; the tree of life² also in the midst of the garden, and the tree of knowledge of good and evil.

* * * * *

15. And the Lord God took the man, and put him into the garden of Eden to dress it and to keep it.

16. And the Lord God commanded the man, saying, Of every tree of the garden thou mayest freely eat:

17. But of the tree of the knowledge of good and evil, thou shalt not eat of it; for in the day that thou eatest thereof thou shalt surely die.—*Genesis, Chapter 2.*

And satan put it into the heart of the serpent,³ * * * and he said unto the woman, Yea, hath the Lord said, Ye shall not eat of every tree of the Garden? (And he spake by the mouth of the serpent.) And the woman said unto the serpent, We may eat of the fruit of the trees of the garden; but of the fruit of the tree which thou beholdest in the midst of the garden, God hath said, Ye shall not eat of it, neither shall ye touch it lest ye die. And the serpent said unto the woman, Ye shall not surely die;⁴ for God doth know that in the day ye eat thereof, then your eyes shall be opened, and ye shall be as Gods, knowing good and evil. And when the woman saw that the tree was good for food, and that it became pleasant to the eyes and a tree to be desired to make her wise, she took of the fruit thereof, and did eat, and gave also to her husband with her, and he did eat. And the eyes of them both were opened, and they knew that they had been naked.⁵ And they sewed fig leaves together and made themselves aprons.

And they heard the voice of the Lord God, as they were walking in the garden, in the cool of the day; and Adam and his wife went to hide⁶ themselves from the presence of the Lord God amongst the trees of the garden. And I, the Lord God, called unto Adam, and said unto him, Where goest thou? And he said, I heard thy voice in the garden, and I was afraid, because I beheld that I was naked, and I hid myself.

And I, the Lord God, said unto Adam, Who told thee that thou wast naked? Hast thou eaten of the tree whereof I commanded thee that thou shouldst not eat? If so, thou shouldst surely die? And the man said, The woman whom thou gavest me, and commandest that she should remain with me, she gave me of the fruit of the tree and I did eat.

And I, the Lord God, said unto the woman, What is this thing which thou hast done? And the woman said, The serpent beguiled me, and I did eat.

And I, the Lord God, said unto the serpent, Because

thou hast done this thou shalt be cursed above all cattle, and above every beast of the field; upon thy belly shalt thou go, and dust⁷ shalt thou eat all the days of thy life; and I will put enmity between thee and the woman; between thy seed and her seed; and he⁸ shall bruise thy head and thou shalt bruise his heel.

Unto the woman, I, the Lord God, said, I will greatly multiply thy sorrow and thy conception. In sorrow thou shalt bring forth children, and thy desire shall be to thy husband, and he shall rule over thee.

And unto Adam, I, the Lord God, said, Because thou hast hearkened unto the voice of thy wife, and hast eaten of the fruit of the tree of which I commanded thee, saying, Thou shalt not eat of it; cursed shall be the ground for thy sake; in sorrow shalt thou eat of it all the days of thy life. Thorns also, and thistles shall it bring forth to thee; and thou shalt eat the herb of the field. By the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread, until thou shalt return unto the ground—for thou shalt surely die—for out of it thou wast taken; for dust thou wast, and unto dust shalt thou return.⁹ * * * And I, the Lord God, said unto mine Only Begotten, Behold, the man is become as one of us to know good and evil; and now, lest he put forth his hand and partake also of the Tree of Life, and eat, and live forever, therefore I, the Lord God, will send him forth from the garden of Eden, to till the ground from whence he was taken. * * * So I drove out the man,¹⁰ and I placed at the east of the garden of Eden, Cherubim¹¹ and a flaming sword,¹² which, turned every way to keep the way of the Tree of Life.—*Book of Moses.*

¹Ezekiel 31: 8, 9. ²Genesis 3: 22; Alma 42: 3, 5, 6; Revelation 2: 7; 22: 2; Proverbs 3: 18. ³Revelation 12: 9; II. Nephi 2: 18; Mosiah 16: 3. ⁴John 8: 44. ⁵Genesis 2: 25. ⁶Jeremiah 23: 24. ⁷Isaiah 65: 25. ⁸Isaiah 7: 14; Matthew 1: 23; Luke 1: 35. ⁹Alma 42: 2; Mosiah 2: 25. ¹⁰II. Nephi 2: 19. ¹¹Alma 42: 2, 3; Psalms 80: 1, 99. ¹²I. Chronicles 21: 16; Alma 12: 21.

LESSON STATEMENT.

When the earth was finished the Lord God planted a beautiful garden with fruit trees of every description and all plants good for food, and He placed therein Adam and Eve, and told them they might freely eat of all the fruit except that from one special tree called the "Tree of the knowledge of good and evil;" but of this tree they were commanded not to eat under penalty of death. Satan came to Eve in the form of a serpent, and tempted her to eat of the forbidden fruit, saying that if she did so she would become wise. She believed the voice of the evil one, and ate some of the fruit. Then she took some of it to her husband, Adam, and asked

him to eat. He at first refused; but remembering that the Lord had commanded him to remain with Eve, and seeing that as she had fallen through the deception practiced by Satan he would have to separate from her unless he became like unto her, he also did eat. Before this act they had been innocent like children; but now they felt ashamed, and they sewed fig leaves together, and made aprons to cover themselves with. In the evening the Lord came down to the Garden of Eden, as He had been used to do; and Adam and Eve, hearing His voice, went and hid themselves. The Lord called to Adam, and asked him if he had eaten of the fruit from the tree of knowledge of good and evil; and Adam answered that the woman whom the Lord had commanded him to remain with, had offered him some of the fruit, and he had eaten. The Lord questioned the woman, and afterward the serpent. Because the serpent had been the means of deceiving Eve, the Lord cursed the creature above all other animals, and declared that hatred should exist between man and the serpent; and though the serpent might do mankind some harm, man should be able to bruise the serpent's head. Then the Lord declared that because Eve had listened to the tempter's voice rather than to the commandment of God, she should ever be subject to her husband, and great should be her pain and suffering in life. And because of Adam's transgression, the Lord declared that he should ever have to work by the sweat of his brow to get food to eat; and the ground was cursed for his sake, so that it brought forth thorns and thistles. Now, there was another tree in the Garden of Eden, known as the "Tree of Life;" and the Lord had decreed that whoever should eat of the fruit of this tree would live forever. Therefore, as the Lord had said that Adam and Eve must die because of their disobedience, He drove them out of the Garden of Eden, and placed there an angel with a flaming sword to guard the Tree of Life. Thus did our first parents become mortal.

NOTES.

EDEN.—This word, in the Hebrew tongue, signifies something particularly pleasant and delightful—a very appropriate name for the "Garden of the Lord." The majority of Christians believe Eden to have been in Persia, on the Eastern Hemisphere; though the best authorities admit that there is no resemblance between that place, at the present time, and the spot described in the Bible. The Latter-day Saints possess more certain knowledge on the subject, the Lord having revealed to Joseph Smith the exact location of the altar upon which Adam offered sacrifices after he had been expelled from the Garden of Eden. The ruins of the altar are still standing, at the place called Spring Hill, in Missouri; but the Lord has named that place Adam-ondi-Ahman. See Doc. and Cov., Sec. 116, and *The Contributor*, Vol. 7, p. 314.

THE FALL.—It is not proper for us to blame our first parents for their act of seeming disobedience. God alone can be their Judge. Adam certainly knew what he was about. (See 1. Timothy 2: 14.) "Adam was not deceived; but the woman being deceived was in transgression." (Read carefully 11. Nephi 2: 22-25.) The fall of Adam was not mere chance; it was according to Divine will that men should have the opportunity of choosing between good and evil. Christ, we learn, was ordained, before the world was made, to be a sacrifice for sin. By the fall man gained the knowledge of good and evil.

WHAT WE MAY LEARN FROM THIS LESSON.

1. That it was Satan, the enemy of God and of man, who first tempted Eve.
2. That by eating of the forbidden fruit Adam and Eve became conscious of good and evil.
3. That Adam was not deceived in what he did; knowing well that the Lord desired himself and Eve to remain together.
4. That Adam and Eve knew that they had done wrong, and sought to hide themselves from the Lord.
5. That the Lord cursed the serpent, and implanted hatred between that creature and man.
6. That Adam and Eve were punished for their transgression.
7. That the Lord would not permit them to partake of the Tree of Life.
8. That Eden was on this continent, probably near Adam-ondi-Ahman, in Missouri.

QUESTIONS ON THE LESSON.

1. Where were Adam and Eve first placed to live?
2. Of what were they cautioned against eating?
3. What was the penalty for

disobedience? 4. Who ate of the forbidden fruit first? 5. Why did Eve do so? 6. Why did Adam then eat also? 7. Who came into the garden toward the evening of that day? 8. What did Adam and Eve do when they heard the voice of the Lord? 9. What did the Lord say? 10. How did He curse the serpent? 11. What did he say to Eve? 12. What to Adam? 13. Where did Adam and Eve then go? 14. Who was placed in the garden after they had left? 15. For what purpose? 16. How do you know that the Lord intended that death should come into the world? 17. Where do we suppose the Garden of Eden was?

TALKS TO MOTHERS BY ONE OF THEM.

V.—The "Too-busy" Mother.

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ONE of the most serious mistakes a mother can make, is allowing herself to be too much occupied with other than her motherly cares. "Run away now, Mother's too busy!" is often heard, but to one who thinks what it means, it is among the "saddest words of tongue or pen." Too busy to attend to the one special and individual work placed in her hands! Too busy — doing what?

It may be housework; it may be cooking and baking, and keeping the house in beautiful order, and preparing great varieties of appetizing food for the comfort and happiness of those very children. It may be sewing, making their clothes, and ornamenting them with stitching and trimming so that they shall look as well as their neighbors.

If this mother would only pause and reflect, she might realize how much less important are delicacies for the stomach, and ruffles for the gown, than food for the mind, and culture for the manners of the eager little

questioning beings, now receiving the deepest impressions of their lives. A wholesome but plain table, and neat but simple clothes, which will leave more time for "mothering" the little ones, is by far the wiser course for the busy housemother, on whose shoulders lie all the labors of the family household.

If a resident of a large city, where woes and needs of all sorts constantly appeal to the tender-hearted, it may be philanthropic work that occupies her. She may have been drawn by the bait of "doing good" to others.

This is a subtle temptation, and she who has yielded to it will probably think she is "doing the Lord's work" and may even be puffed up with an idea of her unselfishness.

Nothing will shock her more than to be told that she is entirely wrong. If she is working for one of the many charitable institutions that fill our land,—demanding the labor and the lives of thousands of women to run them,—she doubtless spends half her time attending to some of the numerous details of the business, and crowds into the other half social and home duties, leaving everything possible to be done by servants, and being of course, "too busy" for "mothering" her babies.

In plain English, stripped of its glamors, she neglects her own most sacred duty to attend to the work which plainly is not hers to do. This may sound severe; but is it not true? Not to mention the criminal and the vicious, does she not give to the improvident who have let themselves become a burden on society, the thought and time imperatively needed for work with the opening mind of her own children? Thought and time which I confidently assert is not hers to give, for the simple reason that she is already provided with a task requiring all the wisdom and all the energy she has to give.

It may be that the "too busy" mother is engrossed in art, or in some other work.

If this is necessary to her support, her children are to be pitied, but if it is for her own pleasure, or to make herself a name, it is a great mistake. I do not say that these ends

are in themselves unworthy, and we have happily outlived the day of belief that a woman's only duty is self-sacrifice. The gratification of one's tastes, and the cultivation of her powers should not be given, but they should be secondary while the children are young.

Again the "too busy" may be in pursuit of culture. A conspicuous example of this sort was a woman noted far and wide for her brilliant intellectual attainments; studies and writing filled her days. Her only child was a beautiful boy who very early in life learned the sad lesson that Mother was always too busy to participate in his joys and sorrows.

He was trained by his nurse till big enough to run about and tyrannize over her, when he took up the society of his mother's stableman.

He spent hours and months and years imbibing the sentiments, the language, the tastes of his instructor. When the busy mother paused long enough in her studies to reflect that her son ought to go to school,—behold he had been at school for years! She sent him to be taught; he ran away from his teachers. She hired tutors; he bullied and drove them off.

He boldly announced his opposition to instructors of all sorts, and threatened to run away from home. Not to follow his career step by step, it is enough to say that he utterly refused education, became a spendthrift and a vagabond of the lowest tastes, and at last brought his mother in sorrow to her grave.

The mother who is "too busy" may be over fond of society, and for the fleeting pleasures of social success, may throw away the deepest and purest happiness life can possibly give her, leaving the delight, no less than the duties of motherhood, to a hired servant.

Society in moderation is of great value to every mother, not only as a needed change from home cares, to keep her bright and in touch with the active world about her, but as a school manners for her children, and a proper place to introduce them when grown.

Perhaps the busy mother—alas that I should have to say it!—is "devoted" to fancy work, and spends the hours which might go

to mental growth for herself or her children, in embroidery, or in making a "crazy quilt," (crazy woman's quilt would seem a better name for it.) Now fancy work is harmless, perhaps even useful, and a very little adds a graceful and pretty touch to a home, but as a mania it is lamentable, both to the perpetrator who thus deliberately chooses to stunt her own intellectual growth, and to those who depend upon her for theirs.

How often do we see a woman who has "no time to read," but plenty in which to make the thousand and one things that cram her house.

To such a mother little elbows on her knees are an interruption, little lips disturb her stitches, and little eyes soon learn to look to others than mother for help, advice and love—O the pity of it!

'Tis not by guilt the onward sweep
Of truth and right, O Lord we stay;
'Tis by our follies that so long
We hold the earth from heaven away."

VI.—The Easy-Going Mother.

IS THE easy-going the ideal mother? After a prolonged study of those who err in other ways, and unconsciously, often with the purest motives, work great harm in the baby lives entrusted to their care, one is almost ready to believe that the ability to "let alone" is the most valuable trait in a mother. Yet on looking closely into her ways, and noting the results of her course, that belief is sadly shaken. Let us observe her a little.

The home of the easy-going is overrun by babies, that being the easiest way to get along. Now nothing is sweeter than a wholesome baby, but who—beside its mother—wants it always in the foreground, its dressing the most important event of the family life, the details of its breakfast occupying the whole household, and its nap throwing a spell of enforced silence on every one within the walls?

Out of the cradle the children become even more pervasive; nothing is forbidden them, and no care is taken to teach them the

difference between use and abuse. In consequence, there is not a clean or whole book on the premises, not a chair that is firm, not a table unmutilated. Boys ride the spring furniture and harness the chairs, if they do not hack and destroy to the top of their bent. Girls bang the piano, "take tea" in the parlor, scatter cake and doll rags at will.

They think they have a good time; so does their mother, who consoles herself for present discomfort and the alienation of her friends by the belief that they will outgrow all this lawlessness. "Boys will be boys," is one of the first articles in her creed. It is as if a gardener should let the weeds grow up among the flowers, in the belief that they can be more easily disposed of when of full size and well rooted, forgetting that the strong growing weeds will, long before that time, have crushed the life out of the flowers, and that even—by great labor—they are pulled up and eradicated then, they will leave a scarred and seamed surface.

Think of the martyrdom of a guest in the home of the easy-going! Not only are the children always under foot, all the chairs sticky, and bread and butter on the sofa, but the small tyrants themselves, with their noise and unrestrained wildness, insist on seeing her, probably soil her gown with greasy fingers, handle her parasol and fan, run off with her umbrella, and often go so far as to demand any little thing in her possession that pleases their fancy.

And how is the untrained child in other people's houses? Is he not the terror of the hostess, who dreads his encroachments, his violence among the pretty things which her own children have been taught to respect! Is not such a child the true "infant terrible" for which America is famous?

The effect upon the children themselves is greatest. Left to their own devices, with their wills untrained, the seeds of carelessness and selfishness rapidly grow into weeds which may take a lifetime to root out. A sad wrong is done to children who are defrauded of the necessary discipline, who are not taught to

respect the rights of others, and to restrain their own lawlessness. Because of this neglect they are dreaded and feared by everyone who knows them, when with a little control they might have been a credit to parents, a joy to friends, and a welcome guest everywhere.

The daughters of such a household come to womanhood with no habits of neatness or order, and no thoughtful care for others. The case of a son is even worse. A boy with that masterful and all-grasping nature, which, duly controlled is an element of success in his future conflict with the world, needs always careful drilling in respect for the rights of others, including animals. He needs training in personal daintiness, in civility, in gentleness of manner. He is born a little savage with great possibilities; he must be led into the path of a noble manhood: Led, not driven, nor "nagged," still less allowed to reach maturity with all his barbarisms upon him.

Self-training is a thing rarely attempted by a grown man, accustomed to indulge rather than to fight his inclinations. The world will rudely teach him external decency, a show of regard for the claims of others, and certain appearances indispensable to the respect of his neighbors, but in his own home, in the bosom of his family, he will to the day of his death display the selfishness, the carelessness of the feelings or the wishes of others, the habits of disorder so firmly built into his character in his unfortunate boyhood.

The easy-going mother is frequently the product of a too severe training, in which petty tyranny of some sort destroyed any pleasure in life. "If I ever have a home," the daughter of such a household is apt to think, when smarting under some of its harsh rules and restrictions, "if I ever have a home, there shall be peace and comfort in it." And so feeling she naturally falls into the opposite error. In trying honestly and sincerely to do her duty, to secure her household liberty, which is the breath of life, she failed to draw the line at license, and license

is as bad in its tendencies as the evil she wished to avoid.

Olive Thorne Miller.

THE REDEMPTION OF MAN.

REDEMPTION signifies deliverance through the offering of a ransom, from the penalty of a broken law. As effected by Jesus Christ, it signifies the deliverance, through His death and resurrection, of the earth and everything pertaining to it from the power which death has obtained over them through the transgression of Adam. The Apostle Paul quite comprehensively sums up the results of Christ's death and resurrection: "But now is Christ risen from the dead, and become the first fruits of them that slept. For since by man came death, by man came also the resurrection of the dead. For as in Adam all die, even so in Christ shall all be made alive."

Death having come on all men through the disobedience of Adam, so must all be raised to immortality and eternal life through the death and resurrection of our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ.

Redemption as wrought out by Jesus Christ further signifies that He has opened up the way for man's redemption from his own sins, through faith in Christ's sufferings, death and resurrection. Paul well expresses this: "For all have sinned and come short of the glory of God; being justified freely by his grace through the redemption that is in Christ Jesus." These passages prove that redemption from death through the sufferings of Christ is for all men, both the righteous and the wicked. The whole of the scriptures assure us that while they may be sure of resurrection from death, regardless of their personal acts, yet they will be rewarded for their works, whether they be good or bad, and that redemption from personal sins can only be obtained through obedience to the requirements of the gospel and a life of good works.

Adam transgressed the commandments given to him by his God, and through that act sowed the seeds of death, and became mortal, and his progeny inherited as a legacy that mortality, and so death passed upon all mankind. Since death was brought upon mankind through no act or fault of theirs, justice demands that they should receive full and complete redemption from that evil which falls upon them through the acts of another and over which they had no control. Such redemption has been wrought out through the atonement of Christ, and in proof that such redemption from the consequences of Adam's transgression is universal, extending alike to the righteous and unrighteous, Christ came into the world to redeem His chosen people, and He took upon Him the transgressions of those who believe in His name, and these are they who shall have eternal life, for the day will come when all shall rise from their graves and be judged according to their works. Because of the redemption of man, which came by Jesus Christ, they are brought back into the presence of the Lord, and the trump will sound, and both great and small shall stand before the bar of justice to receive their final reward.

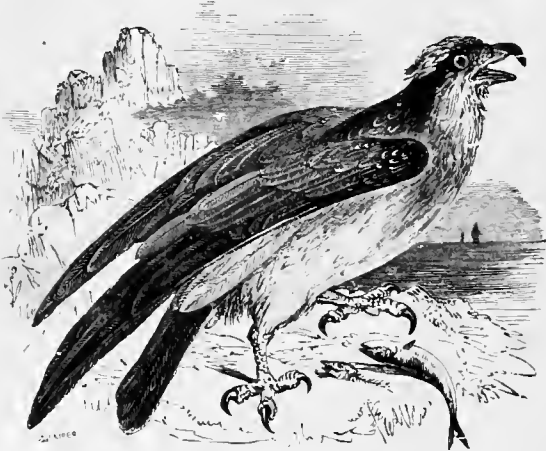
I. G. Romney.

IF insectivorous birds are destroyed, vegetation will be overrun with insects. If the snakes are destroyed the smaller mammals will increase indefinitely. A good deal of pains is taken to protect birds in some of the States, but none whatever to protect the harmless snakes. These animals are the natural destroyers of the rodents, moles, etc., which are so destructive, and they inflict absolutely no injury. Yet one can hardly open a newspaper without reading of some men or boys who have found a den of snakes, and have, as a matter of course, destroyed every one of them. This is not only a crime, but a blunder, and the grade of a man's intelligence is low who allows himself to commit it.

For Our Little Folks.

THE OSPREY.

THE body of the Osprey or Fishing Hawk is only twenty-two inches long, while its expanse of wing is five feet and a half. This great breadth of wing in connection with so slight a body gives ease and swiftness of flight. It hovers over the water in wide, undulating circles, watching for its prey, and when it appears, sweeps like a meteor on the hapless fish. The claws of the



THE OSPREY.

Osprey are long, curved, and very sharp, and the soles of its feet are rough, enabling it to take fast hold of the slippery fish. This bird is found in almost all parts of the world, building on old ruined buildings, in the tops of tall trees, or on the summit of an isolated rock in a quiet lake. The nest is large, built wholly of sticks, and contains two or three

whitish eggs, largely blotched with reddish brown, the patches collected towards the largest end of the egg. The Osprey chooses its mate for life and is an affectionate and domestic bird.

A KNOWING CAT.

MY grandma lives in Dixie. While my mother was in college I lived there with her.

One day a stray cat came to our house. Grandma allowed her to stay, and she made her home with us. After awhile she had four little kittens. These she kept hid away in the loft until their eyes were opened and they could run around. Then she brought them one by one and laid them at grandma's feet, looking up as if to ask if they, too, might stay and live with her.

We thought them very cute at first, but as they grew older they became a nuisance.

One day they were all scampering around the kitchen floor, and grandma got angry because they were in her way, and she cried out to my uncle, "William, I want you to kill some of these cats; I can't have them around, they are a perfect nuisance!"

The old cat arose, yawned, stretched herself, mewed a few times and walked out of the open door, followed by all her family. Shortly

after Uncle William came in to carry out grandma's request, but the cats were nowhere to be seen. We searched for them high and low, but they could not be found, and we thought ourselves rid of them for good.

Two weeks later Uncle William went off to the ranch. The next day the mother cat came back, mewing at the door in a very pitiful manner. When she found we did nothing to hurt her she went off and soon came back with her four kittens, and they seemed as much at home as ever until Uncle William returned, when they all put off again to stay as long as he was at home. This continued until the mother cat and three of the little ones got poisoned. The other stayed with us till she died, and her children and grandchildren occupy her place at the present time.

Le Claire MacDonald.
Age 10 Years.

ASKED FOR AID.

As a Pennsylvania farmer was passing through a patch of wood last summer a hen partridge fluttered up and ran between his feet. It was such a strange thing for so wild a bird to do that the farmer thought the partridge was blind. So he stooped over to pick her up, and then he found she wasn't blind at all, for just as he was about to grasp her, she darted toward the brush heap from which he had seen her

emerge, stopped at the edge of it and looked back.

Presently she ran at the man again, with her wings down, clucking constantly and appearing to be in great distress about something. The farmer walked to the edge of the copse, and the partridge flew ahead and alighted on the ground two or three rods beyond, winging her way back again when she saw he was not moving. She repeated these manœuvres until she led him to a hemlock tree, and there, in a little curve made by the roots, he saw a nest full of eggs. At the same time he saw a black snake in the act of swallowing one of the eggs, and understood the reason for the partridge's actions.

He hunted up a club and killed the snake. As soon as the partridge saw that the snake was motionless she ceased her noise and hid in the bushes. The man went away, and in a half an hour crept near enough to the tree to see the partridge sitting on the nest as though nothing had happened.

TWO CROWS.

THE crow has always been considered a wise bird, but we have never seen a better evidence of it than this account of two crows.

A dog was gnawing a bone. The crows wanted it. After trying in vain various plans to get it, they held a consultation. One got behind

the dog and gave his tail a sharp bite. The dog turned to attack the crow, and the other one seized the bone and both flew away with it. You never saw a dog wear a look of such abject humiliation as did Jack when he recognized how he had been fooled.

THE TOAD.

THE toad is a queer little animal. Its goes through such wonderful changes during its life that there is very little resemblance between the young and the old.

these out into small living creatures, each looking like a very small fish, with a long, flat head and a long tail. These are called "polliwogs," or tadpoles. They grow very fast, their hind legs appearing after a time, and their tails get shorter, and as they grow to their full size their tails disappear.

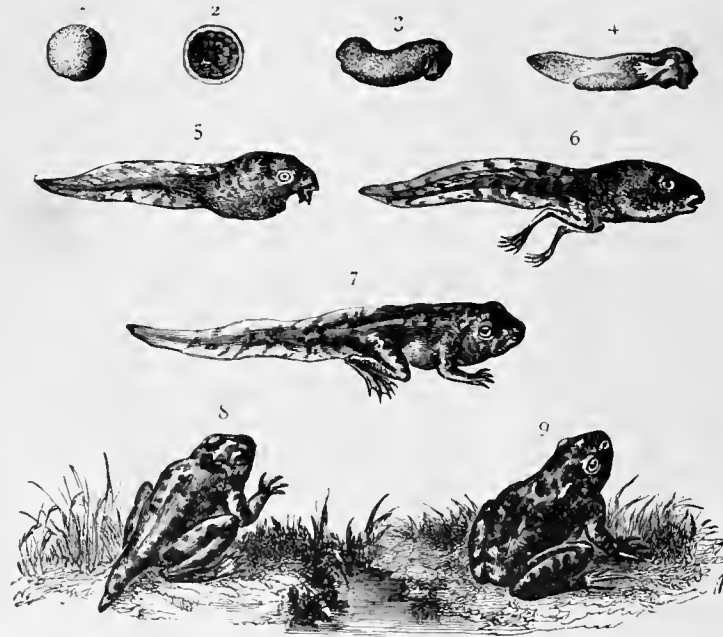
While they are in the form of a tadpole they have gills through which they breathe like a fish. But when they grow to their mature size their lungs are formed, and even then they are capable of remaining in the water for quite a length of time.

The toad feeds mostly on insects.

It captures flies and moths, etc., with its tongue, which is fastened at the front of the mouth. The greater part of it reaches down the throat when not in use. It can dart forward very quickly when its prey comes within its range. The toad is very harmless, and is entitled to protection. It is useful in the garden, as it devours the insects that are so destructive to plants

and vegetation of different kinds.

*Mary A. Ward,
Age 11.*



THE TOAD IN ITS VARIOUS STAGES OF GROWTH.

Its eggs may be seen in the spring floating around in ponds of standing water, looking like numerous black specks. The warm sun soon hatches

ELBA, IDAHO.

NOTE TO OUR YOUNG FRIENDS.

WE feel grateful to all our young friends for the many pleasing and interesting little stories you have written.

Some few pieces that have been sent to us are not considered quite good enough for publication, and that is the reason they do not appear in these pages. We desire to encourage those whose stories have not been published, and kindly invite them to try again. By repeated efforts you will be sure to improve. The time thus spent will be profitable, as the exercise will greatly benefit you.

Since we first invited the young people to write for us those who have responded have improved very much. Their stories show that they take more careful notice of what they see about them, and can describe what they observe much nicer and more fully.

We again invite all our readers to send us original stories, such as will be suitable for this department of our magazine.

THE grocer and the baker may not be singers, but the former knows his scales and the latter can always strike dough.

"PAPA, I guess there isn't any plumbers in heaven," said a six-year-old youngster one rainy day. "Why not, my son?" "Because the sky seems to leak so easy."

JESSE.

THERE came an angel to our home one day,
An angel baby, wrapped in an earthly guise,
With bright hair shining like a crown of gold,
And brooding wisdom in his earnest eyes.

How soon he learned to use his rosy feet!
How eagerly they pattered here and there!
And words familiar from his tongue fell sweet
As ever music thrilled the conscious air.

He sang the songs of Zion ere two years
Had shed their frosts and blossoms o'er his
head;
All free from guile and childish baby fears,
And quaint, sweet wisdom in the words he
said.

So fair, so noble, such a bright, free soul,
Lent us for a brief but blessed day;
Gone on before to the eternal goal,
Those tender feet to show our own the way.

We need not fear the river dark and deep;
When such a tender one must dare its might,
Nor death's pale angel, when our own sweet
babe
In his embrace grew cold with smile so
bright.

On his dear features, frozen into stone,
That all who looked upon him needs must
think
Ere earth quite faded heaven was in his view,
And angels met him at the river's brink.

Though bitter was our sorrow, God be blessed;
'Tis sweet to know when we no longer roam
Earth's desert wastes, those dainty baby hands
Will clasp our own and bid us welcome
home.

Better than marble shaft or lofty urn,
Where few will walk or pause to read or look,
We deem these lines inscribed in love and
hope
A living monument in this fair book.

James and Mary Mooney.

ONCE MORE WE COME BEFORE OUR GOD.

MUSIC BY A. C. SMYTH.

Reverentially.

1. Once more we come be - fore our God—Once more His bless - ing ask;
 2. May we re - ceive the word we hear, Each in an hon - est heart;
 3. A - wake, O heav'n-ly wind a - wake!—Re - fresh - ing breez - es blow;

O may not du - ty seem a load, Nor wor - ship prove a task!
 And keep the sac - red treas - ure there, Nor ev - er with it part.
 Let ev' - ry plant Thy pow'r par - take, And all the gar - den grow.

TRANSMIGRATION OF SOULS.

WE have recently read an interesting story. A colored man, just before he died, told his wife that he should probably come back to her as a yellow dog.

It closes thus:

Standing at the door, the old lady watched her visitors going and gazed reflectively toward the asparagus bed, where the feathery branches waved mysteriously.

"Suthin's in there!" she said. Presently the muzzle of a yellow dog appeared and after it his lank body. Slowly he crept up to her.

"Well, I never! Where'd you come from? Sho! Go 'way!" But the dog was at her feet, and something in his dark appealing eyes held her spell-bound. A chill seized her. She breathed fast; then rallying, grasped a broom.

"Git outen th' yard!" The dog crouched and licked her shoe.

"He said how's he might come back a pore yaller dog!" The broom dropped weakly. "John Bascom, ef so be your spirit is come back to me in this beast, as ye said,

gimme a sign!" Two shaggy paws leaped upon her shoulders and there was a dog's warm tongue on her cheek.

"Well, John," she said, "ef so be as it is you, why stay an' I'll try to get used to you!"

But a queer twinkle came into her face as she added, "Now it's my turn to be th' master. Git under th' stove and stay there, John Bascom!"

A GOOD man is like the day, enlightening and warming all he shines on, and is always ascending upwards to a region of more constant purity. The bad man is like the night, dark, and scattering fears and unwholesome vapors upon all which rest beneath.

THE study of truth is perpetually joined with the love of virtue; for there is no virtue which derives not its original from truth, as, on the contrary, there is no vice which has not its beginning in a lie. Truth is the foundation of all knowledge, and the cement of all societies.

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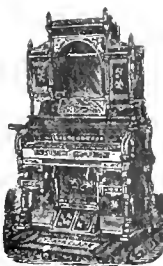
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